

WESTERN CANADA.

One of the Choice Spots on the Continent Oper for Settlement.

The following extracts from an interesting letter to the Mason City (Iowa) Republican, written by Mrs. S. A. Brigham, late of that place, but now of Ross Creek, Alberta, Canada, so nearly describes most of the districts of Western Canada that we take pleasure in presenting same to the attention of our readers:

WESTERN CANADA.

Crop Prospects and Climate About Edmonton, N. W. T.

[Interesting letter from Mrs. S. A. Brigham, late of Mason City.]

Editor Mason City Republican.
Ross Creek, Alberta, N. W. T., Canada, Aug. 7, 1899.

Dear Sir:

We are located in the Beaver Hills, 30 miles from Ft. Saskatchewan and 50 miles from Edmonton. To the east of these is an immense area of bottom lands, which furnishes abundance of hay for the settlers. It is dotted with small lakes, the largest of which is called Beaver Lake, 16 miles in length.

There is shelter for the cattle and horses now feeding there.

The Beaver Hills are covered with small green willows which are easily gotten rid of before breaking up the land. Here and there poplar, birch and tamarack trees abound. Small meadows are numerous. The soil in these hills is much richer than the bottom lands, being a kind of black, leaf mould. There is no tough soil to break and it is very productive. Wheat, oats and barley do finely, and vegetables are the finest that can be grown. Potatoes especially are large and solid, easily producing from 200 to 300 bushels per acre, and best of all never a "taty bug" to wrestle with. Wild fruit—strawberries, gooseberries, saskatoons (or pine berries), raspberries and cranberries—are found in the hills. Small tame fruit does finely; the red and white currants in my garden are as large again as common sized ones.

We have long days during the months of June and July, one can see to read many evenings until 10 o'clock in the twilight. Some nights less than 3 hours of darkness and the birds are singing at 2 o'clock. Then again, it rains so easily. You look toward the west and see a little cloud coming up, a gentle shower follows, the sun shines forth again, and in a little while you forget it has rained.

Cyclones are unknown here and the thunder and lightning is very light. We had two storms this summer accompanied with wind and hail, but nothing to lodge the grain. The average heat is about 78 degrees. We had three or four days in July at 90. The nights are always cool.

The winter season is one of great activity. All the fencing is gotten out then and logs for the farm buildings. By paying 25 cents you are granted a permit at the land office to cut logs upon vacant lands. The roads are good and smooth, for the snow never drifts, not even around the buildings, and this is a great saving of time to the farmer. Hay is hauled from the bottom lands all winter long, and a man can work outside every day as far as the weather is concerned. There are cold snaps when it reaches 40 and 48 below zero, but the lack of wind prevents one realizing it and the mountains 150 miles west of us are a great protection.

Our neighbors are mostly Canadian, Scotch, Swede, and we have a nice sprinkling of people from the States. The creeks abound in small fish.

We are now in the midst of hay-making (Aug. 7th). Wheat will not be cut until early September, this being a little later season than common, but the crop will be immense. I send you a sample of wheat and barley—its height is almost even with my shoulders, average 50 inches. Newcomers lacking binders can hire their grain cut for 75 cents per acre. Prairie chickens are here by the thousands.

The water is good. We have a fine well 15 feet deep. In the creeks the water is soft and of a yellowish color. Then again we are surrounded with bachelors; we have no less than 18 single men in this neighborhood, on matrimony bent. When a feminine gender of any age between 14 and 40 visits these hills we pity her, so great is the demand for her company.

In conclusion, if the remainder of our loved ones were here with us, we should better enjoy life on Ross Creek, and unless the unexpected develops, consider this will be a pretty fair place to end our days.

MRS. S. A. BRIGHAM.

Felt Smaller Than He Looked.

The dwarf of the new house is John L. Burnett, from Alabama. An Alabamian the other day related this story, which will best illustrate how the diminutive member will appear to the speaker when he makes his maiden speech. Burnett, commonly known in his district as "the Jack of Spades," is a shrewd lawyer who has had much practice before the Alabama supreme court. The greatest embarrassment of his life was suffered when he made his debut before that dignified tribunal. He was seated behind a high table, stacked with law books and papers, and when he arose in his turn to address the court their honors were unable to even see the top of his head above the pile. "The learned counsel," said the chief justice, rapping vigorously with his gavel, "will kindly do the court the usual courtesy of rising when addressing it." It is needless to add that Burnett felt manifoldly more diminutive than he looked.—Philadelphia Call.

Unconscious Plagiarism.

Crimsonbeak—How history does repeat itself, doesn't it?
Yeast—What now?
"Why, in our town we had a piano concert the other night and the artist's name was Prof. Gridley. When the manager was ready to start the show he shouted: 'You may bang away when ready, Gridley!'"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Skating Lesson

By Kenneth F. Harris.

AS THEY approached the park she said: "I'm afraid you will find it rather tiresome teaching me."

And he replied: "I've got a pretty lively imagination, but it isn't equal to imagining you tiresome."

"I always wanted to skate," she said, ignoring his impressive manner. "There always seems to me something so free and birdlike about the motion. Is it really as easy as it looks?"

"Well, it is easy enough if a person has a little confidence and doesn't mind a tumble or two."

"That's just it. I haven't got the tiniest mite of confidence in myself."

"Do you think you could feel just a tiny mite of confidence in me?"

"Perhaps; I'm an awful coward, though."

"I won't let you fall," he said, reassuringly and protectively, with a perceptible swelling of the chest, and she gave him a sidelong glance that had something of admiration in it.

"It's very kind of you to offer to teach me, anyway," she remarked, presently.

"You told me that before, but you know better. I know one or two other boys who would be kind enough to do it if you would give them a chance."

"You do? Tell me who they are, quick. Mr. Parmiter?"

"Miss Bowman."

"I think you are kind of absurd. I was going to ask you—"

"Go on, I'll tell you if I know."

"Did you ever . . . teach anybody else to skate—any other young lady?"

"Never. I never met one I'd care to teach until I met you."

"Of course you'd say that."

"Not unless I meant it—and a whole lot more."

"Doesn't the park look bare and bleak now? There's always something so mournful and forlorn about leafless trees. I feel sorry for them."

"Me, too."

"I believe you are laughing at me. I was going to tell you something, but I won't do it now, so there."

"I can guess what it was."

"No you can't. There's only one other person in the whole world knows besides me . . . and I know he wouldn't tell."

"He?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to let you know that!"

"I suppose not."

"Mr. Parmiter?"

"Well?"

"Would you like to know who that was? It was Mr. Nyeswanger. What makes you look so awfully cross?"

"I'm not looking cross."

"You are, too. I don't like to look at you when you frown like that. You'll make me wish I had—there! I came very near telling you."

"Telling me what?"

"That would be telling. Tell me what makes you look so cross. You needn't say it's your natural expression, because I know better."

"You'd be mad if I told you."

"No, I wouldn't; tell me."

"I didn't think you'd have secrets with a fellow like Nyeswanger. Of course, it isn't any of my business, I know that."

"Well, I don't think it is, either."

"There! I said you'd be mad."

"No, I'm not mad. I'm just amused. So that was it! Well, I'll tell you the secret, too. Mr. Nyeswanger asked me to go skating with him and offered to teach me. Now are you satisfied?"

"Why didn't you let him?"

"Well, I pre—I'll beat you to the pond. One, two, three, off!"

She was first at the pond, for the distance had not been more than about a hundred yards, and the young man was taken by surprise. She was laughing triumphantly when he came up, and looked prettier than ever.

There was still frost on the bench and the young man carefully spread his handkerchief so that the girl would not run any danger of catching cold by getting her skirts damp when she sat down. Then he knelt, and reverentially taking the shapely foot she extended to him, began to buckle on her skates. As soon as he had got them securely fastened, which took some little time, he put on his own, and, holding out his hand, invited her to "come along."

"Oh, you go first," she said. "Just show me a little. Let me see how you do it."

Perhaps he was not sorry to show her. And perhaps she thought it was quite likely that he would be perfectly willing. In any case, he offered no objection, but hobbled stiffly to the edge of the ice and then with one swift stroke shot out nearly half way across the pond. Checking himself abruptly, he darted off at right angles and then came back in a long, sweeping curve on the outer edge.

It was most unfortunate that the piece of twig should have been lying directly in his path, but so it was. If he had been looking where he was going he might have avoided it. As it was, he happened to be looking at the girl. He struck the twig squarely, plunged forward, and then in a desperate effort to regain his equilibrium his skates clashed four or five times on the ice; a second later they flashed above his head, and he experienced a shock that almost loosened his teeth in their sockets. The girl screamed.

"Did you hurt yourself?" she called to him as he slowly raised himself to his feet.

"Not at all," he answered, bravely, as he looked around for his hat. "It was a little sudden, that's all."

"How did you manage to fall?"

"There wasn't any management about it. It was just like rolling off

a log. Anybody could do it with a little practice. Come on."

"I think," said the girl, as she took his hand and started for the ice, "that you made a mistake trying to skate with your arms folded. I may not be a judge, but it seems—oh!"

"Steady! don't get excited. I've got you."

"What makes it so slippery? Oh, I can't stand up!"

"Yes, you can; you'll be all right when you get used—here! You mustn't hold on to me like that. Let go! There!"

They went down very easily, considering.

"I thought you said you had got me!" she said, sarcastically.

"I had got you," he answered, with some indignation. "If you had kept still when I told you, you would have been all right. What did you get scared for?"

"I got scared because I knew you were going to let me fall. Are you going to help me up? I suppose I am safer sitting here, but I don't like to have everybody staring at me this way."

"I beg your pardon. Now! There we are. I hope you weren't hurt. It was all my fault, I know. Now, see here; don't you try to do anything this time. Just put your feet together and let me push you along. That will give you confidence."

They got along splendidly this time. The young man was rather stiff from the two falls, but that did not interfere with such work as pushing the girl about. He got her safely back to the starting point, and then she said she would rest for a few minutes and watch.

He struck out by himself to make the circuit of the pond, but his damaged hip hurt him to such an extent that it was as much as he could do to accomplish the Dutch roll. When he came back she pointed out a young man who was gliding about with his body at an angle of about 45 degrees, executing all manner of intricate figures.

She said it must be perfectly lovely to be able to skate like that.

The young man controlled his emotion and invited her to take another excursion.

"I don't see how I am going to learn that way," she said. "I might just as well be in a sleigh and have you push me. Show me how to strike out."

"Well, do you think you can stand alone?"

"Mercy, no! Don't you dare let go of me. Can't you tell me?"

"I'll try. Now, then, push the blade of your left skate against the ice and throw your weight forward on the right foot at the same time. Don't bend, but just sway, so as to balance back when you are ready to make the stroke to the left in the same way. Are you ready? Now!"

She took a stroke and then began to grapple with her instructor. A man may be a fairly good wrestler, quick on his feet and strong as well as quick; but when 128 pounds of frantic girl is tackling him on skates he has more than an ordinary amount of work cut out for him. This one managed to prolong the struggle for several seconds, but a boy who had "got it," hotly rebuffed by another boy who had not "got it," dodged past them and to make a quick turn caught the sleeve of the young man's coat. The young man, feeling himself going, relinquished his hold on the young woman and went down with a self-sacrificing jolt. The young woman tottered, clutched madly at the air and then sat down with a force and emphasis of which she had not deemed herself capable.

They both recovered about the same time. He scrambled to his feet and she began to unbuckle her skates.

"You're not going to quit?" he said.

"Indeed I am," she replied, with cold dignity. "I can go home in a street car now; I don't want to wait until I have to go home in an ambulance. I think you need somebody to teach you to skate. No, you needn't trouble. I can take them off. I hate to be made ridiculous. Why don't you say something?"

"Just because you fell a couple of times!"

"You said you wouldn't let me fall. You don't have to take your skates off just because I do. Stay and enjoy yourself. I can get home all right by myself—in fact, I prefer to."

"I couldn't help it, Miss Bowman."

"I noticed that."

"Didn't you see those boys?"

"Really, I don't see that there's any necessity of discussing this."

"Oh, pshaw!"

"And I don't think you ought to lose your temper. I don't see that you have any cause for complaint. If you insist on walking with me to the car I suppose we might as well go."

"If you hadn't started in by clutching me round the neck—"

"Mr. Parmiter!"

"Well, I haven't got another word to say. I suppose you are sorry you didn't go with Nyeswanger."

"Well, he talked as if he knew how to skate; but then one can't always tell."

They walked to the Center street entrance, he looking supremely indifferent, she humming a tune under her breath. They stood at the street corner in silence and waited until a Clark street car came along. Then he helped her aboard with state and ceremony and lifted his hat as the car moved on and left him.

She did not go into the car, however, but stood on the platform, looking back. The young man was still standing at the corner. She waved her handkerchief and beckoned, and on the instant he raced down the street after her. For a minute or two it looked as if he would overtake the car easily, but he suddenly slackened his pace and began to limp. It would have been quite hopeless after all if the girl had not got off at the next corner.—Chicago Daily Record.

Artificial Sight.

A Russian inventor has perfected an electrical appliance, which he claims will enable the blind to see. This will bring much happiness to those who have defective eyesight. Another great discovery which will bring much happiness to those whose stomachs have become deranged is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It has made a world wide reputation for itself as a certain cure for such ailments as indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and malaria, fever and ague.

Due to Anxiety.

Guest—Ouch! You've spilled some soup down my neck.

Waiter—Is awful sorry, sah; but you see, sah, I's so in doubt if you is gwine to gub me a tip or not, it makes me nervous.—What To Eat.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GUY'S TARTARIC CHILL TONIC. It is simply ironed quinine in a pleasant form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

Creatures of Habit.

Many a man now, when he starts to date his letter, makes it "99, and then he uses 0-9, 0-y words.—Philadelphia Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It is good to know we cannot give happiness without receiving it.—Elliott's Magazine.

Not need, but pride, keeps us poor.—Ram's Horn.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Jan. 31.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle, com'n 3 65 @ 4 25
Select butchers . . . 4 50 @ 4 90
HOGS—Choice packers . . . 4 80 @ 5 35
Mixed packers . . . 4 75 @ 4 80
Light shippers . . . 4 50 @ 4 75
SHEEP—Choice . . . 4 00 @ 4 10
LAMB—Extra . . . 6 75 @ 6 85
FLOUR—Spring patent . . . 3 70 @ 3 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red . . . 73 1/2 @ 74
No. 3 red . . . 72 1/2 @ 73
Corn—No. 2 mixed . . . 34 1/2 @ 34 3/4
Oats—No. 2 mixed . . . 25 1/2 @ 25 3/4
Rye—No. 2 . . . 30 1/2 @ 30 3/4
PROVISIONS—Mess pork . . . 10 75 @ 11 25
Lard . . . 5 65 @ 5 75
HAY—Choice timothy . . . 15 @ 16
BUTTER—Choice dairy . . . 15 @ 16
Ice creamery . . . 28 @ 28
APPLES—Choice to fancy . . . 3 00 @ 3 20
POTATOES—Per brl . . . 1 75 @ 1 85

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Winter patent . . . 3 40 @ 3 60
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red . . . 69 @ 69 1/2
No. 3 Chicago spring . . . 64 @ 66 1/2
Corn—No. 2 . . . 31 1/2 @ 31 1/2
Oats—No. 2 . . . 21 1/2 @ 21 1/2
PORK—Mess . . . 9 30 @ 9 50
LARD—Steam . . . 5 65 @ 5 77 1/2

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Winter patent . . . 3 55 @ 3 80
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red . . . 77 1/2 @ 77 1/2
Corn—No. 2 . . . 31 1/2 @ 31 1/2
Oats—No. 2 mixed . . . 24 1/2 @ 24 1/2
Rye . . . 30 1/2 @ 30 1/2
PORK—Mess . . . 10 50 @ 11 00
LARD—Steam . . . 5 65 @ 5 77 1/2

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Family . . . 3 20 @ 3 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red . . . 67 1/2 @ 67 1/2
Southern . . . 67 @ 67
Corn—Mixed . . . 67 1/2 @ 67 1/2
Rye—No. 2 western . . . 56 @ 57
CATTLE—First quality . . . 5 25 @ 5 50
HOGS—Western . . . 4 80 @ 4 90

INDIANAPOLIS.

GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red . . . 70 @ 70 1/2
Corn—No. 2 mixed . . . 31 1/2 @ 31 1/2
Oats—No. 2 mixed . . . 24 1/2 @ 24 1/2

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Winter patent . . . 3 45 @ 3 55
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red . . . 71 @ 72
Corn—Mixed . . . 36 @ 36
Oats—Mixed . . . 24 @ 24 1/2
PORK—Mess . . . 4 @ 4 50
LARD—Steam . . . 6 50 @ 6 50

THE NERVES OF WOMEN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves the Suffering from Overwrought Nerves.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am so grateful for the benefit derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I wish you to publish this testimonial that others may know the value of your medicine. I was suffering such tortures from nervous prostration that life was a burden. I could not sleep at all and was too weak to walk across the floor without aid. The disease had reached a condition where my heart was affected by it, so that often I could not lie down at all without almost suffocating. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like magic. I feel that your medicine has been of inestimable benefit to me."—MISS ADELE WILLIAMSON, 196 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

Thin, Sallow and Nervous

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was thin, sallow and nervous. I had not had my menses for over a year and a half. Doctored with several physicians in town and one specialist, but did not get any better. I finally decided to try your medicine, and wrote to you. After I had taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier, my menses returned, and I feel as well and strong as I ever did, and am gaining flesh."—MISS LENA GAINES, Visalia, Tulare Co., Cal.

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"I couldn't help it, Miss Bowman."

"I noticed that."

"Didn't you see those boys?"

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40 YEARS OF SUFFERING!

Gentlemen: I have been sending to you for your "5 DROPS" for several parties who have used it and who say it is the best they ever used. One old lady had had NEURALGIA FOR 40 YEARS, has tried nearly everything she could hear of without relief until she commenced using "5 DROPS," and now she is not troubled with the disease. Each one that has used it says it is the best remedy, and all join in praise of "5 DROPS." For the enclosed money please send me three large bottles of "5 DROPS," one package of Pills and one Plaster, and hurry them forward without delay.

Jan. 11, 1900. SAMUEL SPERGLE, Falkville, Ala.

Gentlemen: My mother, Mrs. Eliza Austin, of Fremont, Wis., has been almost an invalid for years with RHEUMATISM and for the past five years has not been able to walk 40 rods until she began to use "5 DROPS," about two months ago. She now walks a mile at a time and is doing all her own work in the house, a thing she has not done for years. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, with my name and also my mother's.